

GENERAL.

—The Rev. Philip Brooks, of Boston, was taken for a champion "strong man" the other day at Bangor. On arriving at the wharf he could not find the baggage-master to remove his big trunk from the carriage, so he picked it up himself as easily as if it had been a sack and carried it across the wharf.

—Andrew Plagnot, of Louisville, was 34. His practice for many years was to read the Bible two hours every Sunday morning, and work hard all the rest of the day making wooden spoons, which he peddled during the week. He lately became convinced that he was a Sabbath-breaker. His offense seemed to him enormous, and he drowned himself.

—Pioche, Nev., is the possessor of a big graveyard, occupied exclusively by the bodies of gentlemen who died with their boots on. In times past, when such burials were common, the cemetery was kept in some style, but now that all the glory has departed from the mining towns, the graves are neglected, the headboards have gone to decay, and soon there will be no distinguishing features between the resting places of the old-timer, who slew his score of fellow-mortals, and the "tenderfoot," who received a death-wound in his first fray.

—An extraordinary case of company promoting was recently brought under the notice of the magistrate at Bow Street, London. Ledru Rollin Reynolds was the name of the accused person; but he had many aliases. An agreement had been duly drawn up and signed for the purchase of the lease of the Silver Valley Mine in Cornwall, and Reynolds had issued a prospectus for the formation of a limited company on the strength of this. But there was no such mine—so say the prosecutors; there was no lead worth speaking of in the locality indicated. The vendors of the lease were also imaginary. The prisoner was held.

—A whale recently was stranded on an outlying point of the island of Wales, Orkney. Men, women and children rushed to the spot with knives, pitchforks, and more primitive weapons, and out the monster in a fearful manner, until it was supposed that life was extinct. Ropes were afterward procured and fastened to the whale, and boats were proceeding to tow it into the harbor. With the rising tide the whale floated; but as the boats were being rowed away in triumph with the prize, the whale suddenly took a fresh lease of life and started seaward, in turn towing the boats. It was only after being dragged over three miles that the men succeeded in cutting the ropes and saving their boats from being swamped.

—During a recent storm in Orange, Vt., a large meteoric stone fell on the farm of Smith Martyn. When it struck it was somewhat shattered, and the fragments cut large holes in the ground and fences. Of the largest piece, a correspondent of the *Montpelier Argus* says: "At the time we visited the locality it was so hot we could not get within twenty feet of it, but since then I have been to the spot and made exact measurements. It is eight feet four inches long, and two feet five and one-half inches in diameter. Of course from its size and from the force with which it struck, it may extend eight or ten feet into the earth. It stands at about an angle of 45 degrees and came in a direct line from that angle, as it can be plainly seen where it burnt the trees, it coming through a little distance off in the edge of the woods. The appearance very much like slag from iron-works. It did but little damage."

—The colossal crane or derrick—the most powerful in the world—which has been in process of construction for several years at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, England, is now an accomplished fact. The size of this apparatus may be judged from the curious details published, as, for instance, more than 1,800 tons of iron have been used in its manufacture, while the brass bearings alone amount to more than three tons. The design has been that this monster crane should be capable of lifting three or four 100-ton guns at once; the purpose, however, for which it has been mainly provided is not to do work which other appliances could accomplish in detail, but rather to meet the probable necessity for dealing with pieces of ordnance so enormous as to defy all the means at present available for mounting them in their carriages. The motive power is steam, and, although calculated to raise 1,200 tons in case of need, the apparatus is also fixed for raising small weights at accelerated speed, and thus adapted, in many instances, to facilitate the ordinary operations.

The Bicycle at Sea.

A passenger on the steamer Appledore thus relates the meeting of that vessel with a strange craft on the high seas: "On Saturday afternoon, August 20, soon after leaving the shoals, and when about eight miles south-southeast of the New Hampshire coast, some of the passengers espied and pointed out a tiny speck on the ocean which had somewhat the appearance of a short spar buoy, though it was evidently moving swiftly through the water. On approaching nearer we discovered it to be a man, having every appearance of walking rapidly over the heaving seas. Great interest was manifested by all on board at this strange meeting with so novel a means of marine navigation. No smoke, no steam, no sail, no oars or paddles—in fact, nothing that has hitherto been known as a means of marine propulsion was visible on or about this new water craft. Nor did the aid of the glass throw any light upon the subject. The sea was by no means smooth; indeed, when the strange machine was first discovered it was visible only when it rose to the top of each succeeding wave. We passed it about an eighth of a mile to leeward, the lone navigator waving his hat while our passengers generally returned the salute. We continued to watch with interest the progress of this animated speck upon the ocean until it faded entirely from view in the distance." The solution of this mystery is that Major Uren made his first visit to the shoals with the machine on Saturday afternoon, leaving the steamer Appledore both before and returning. He left the mouth of the harbor at 2:45 o'clock, and arrived at Appledore landing at 4:07,

making the run out in one hour and 22 minutes. After leaving the Appledore House the Major made the run to the Oceanic, at both hotels being heartily welcomed by the assembled guests, who had espied him coming some time before he reached their shores. Much interest was manifested by all at this visit to their islands of so small and odd a craft. Quite a number of gentlemen at the Appledore obtained permission and tried the machine, manifesting much pleasure with it and its novel construction. The Major left the Oceanic for this city at 5:15, but, owing to a brisk northeaster, which kicked up a heavy sea for a craft so small, did not arrive at the aquarium until 7 o'clock.—*Portland (N. H.) Chronicle*.

Marvelous Adventures of a Legislator Among Indians.

Hon. Sol Barth, of St. John, Arizona Territory, arrived in the city Monday. To a *Journal* reporter he gave the following particulars of his exciting and romantic adventures with the Apache Indians on the road: St. John is about fifty miles south of the A. & B. Road. Sol Barth is a noted ranchman in that region, having stores, flocks and horses. He is a Territorial Senator, and quite prominent in the political affairs of the Territory. Once in three months he comes to this city and buys a stock of goods. Last week, accompanied by two men, he started over the long route from St. John to civilization. When passing through a lonely canyon in the Zuni Mountains, he was astonished to see a band of Indians circling around a pyramid of rock, yelling and firing their guns. Upon the top of the rock was a Mexican mountaineer, with his wife and children. No sooner did Sol take in the situation than he charged the Indians, putting the squad, eighteen in number, to flight, relieving the Mexican and his family from certain death. He found the little children crying for water, but otherwise the family were uninjured. Escorting the family to a place of safety and leaving one of his men to repel any attack the Indians might make, Mr. Barth, with one assistant, pushed on toward the city. They had gone but a few miles when they were confronted by a band of Indians, but, their actions becoming peaceful, Barth thought them friendly Navajos, and allowed them to come within speaking distance of the buggy in which he and his companion were riding, when the Indians suddenly opened fire, mortally wounding his companion. The horse became frightened and overturned the buggy. Mr. Barth seized his Winchester, and, protected by the buggy-bed, he drove off his assailants, capturing one of the Indian ponies. Securing the pony and putting his wounded companion in the buggy he drove on. When near the Mexican town of El Rita he heard firing, and on approaching the town the Indians returned and attacked him. The people of the town turned out and soon the Indians were driven off. At El Rita the wounded man died.—*Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal*.

Cats of History.

SIR: Having just read with delight and edification the account of "Martin," in your issue of today—an account worthy of a place in that most charming of all books ever dedicated by a great writer to the honor and glory of beloved animals, the "Menagerie Intime" of Theophile Gautier—I send you two stories, as they were told to my boyhood, of cats connected with my own family—in which, I may add, cat worship has been for centuries a hereditary legacy. One, when its master was lying wounded well nigh to death, watched for many days and nights at the door of his room; would not be lured or driven away, till at last it was possible for the convalescent to receive his faithful and inconsolable friend, whose ecstasy may, or may not, be imagined. So much for the charge of personal indifference brought against cats by those who prefer the promiscuous and obtrusive caresses or solicitations lavished by dogs on almost any stranger, to the choice and constant affection which cats, with the instinct peculiar to babies and themselves, reserve for those in whom they recognize a true reciprocal attraction—an unmistakable innate affinity.

My second story illustrates only that attachment to places which is more commonly recognized as a feline property, but illustrates it in so singular a degree that it may, perhaps, be thought worthy of this passing record. A favorite cat—I know not whether the same was the hero or heroine of the story just given—was conveyed to London from a country house in the depth of Northumberland, and missed immediately after arrival. About a week afterward it arrived at its old home, half starved, and wholly fallen from his high estate as a cat of quality and distinction, but recognizable by the household left in charge, having smelt or inquired its way back on foot along a course of some 300 miles, which it had just before traversed in a carriage for the first time. I am, sir, etc., A. C. SWINBURNE.

[Mr. Swinburne's positive testimony we accept with pleasure. His implied universal negative on the discrimination of dogs we reject with surprise and amusement.]—*Spectator*.

Catching Bass in a Hammock.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week there was a curious scene witnessed on Conesus Lake. M. L. Forsyth and his family, and Edward Butterway and his sister, were staying at Walton, and on Wednesday evening some of the party placed a lamp with a reflector on the bow of a boat, for the novelty and convenience of having a lamp while rowing, and were amazed by the curious antics of the bass and pickerel, which commenced jumping all around them, and one two-pound black bass actually jumped into the boat. On the next evening the experiment was renewed, and a hammock fastened to a pole, into which four large bass jumped, one weighing four pounds. Those who witnessed the novel exhibition were greatly excited. Large pickerel and bass leaped fully six feet from the water, and skinned a distance of a rod before disappearing. They came up in all directions, some of them striking violently the bottom and sides of the boat, and some being at a distance of several rods.—*Livingston (N. Y.) Republican*.

The Medicine Men at the Bottom of the Indian Outbreak.

A reporter gleaned the following facts from an interview with Mr. Edward Hudson, cashier of the banking house of Safford, Hudson & Co., Tucson, Arizona, at the Planters' House, yesterday. Mr. Hudson said that he was at Tucson when the massacre of Lieut. Hentig and his men, near Fort Apache, in the White Mountains, took place. The massacre occurred about 116 miles from Tucson, where it was first reported that Gen. Carr, Lieut. Carter, and all the officers, who were summering with their families up in the mountains at Fort Apache, had been massacred. These officers, with their families, had been stopping for years at Fort Lowell, about seven miles from Tucson, and had become very popular with the people in Tucson and the neighborhood. The report also added that several hundred Apaches, who were employed as scouts, had turned traitors and joined the White Mountain Apaches in massacring the post. This created such intense excitement that nearly every man and boy in the settlement commenced arming themselves, and had not the true report of the massacre been brought the next day the people would have proceeded en masse to the mountains against the Apaches. After this the excitement subsided and troops began to pour in from all the surrounding posts. The Government commenced to do what nothing short of the massacre of troops could have brought them to do; that is, turn their attention to the depredations of the Apaches. Mr. Hudson seemed to think that the killing of ranchmen, and especially prospectors and miners, by the Apaches was a very common occurrence in the mountains, and a matter which the Government paid little attention to in that section of the country.

The late war is said to have been organized by the medicine men, and is a regularly organized religious war. And from what Mr. Hudson says, in some of its features it is not unlike the crusade of the twelfth century, in Europe, preached by Peter the Hermit. The medicine men are promising the braves all sorts of immunities if they join in the war against the whites, and the 250 bucks belonging to the White Mountain Apaches are in it to a man. The whole tribe only numbers about 750, and they live in the most inaccessible parts of the White Mountains, chiefly upon a plain gathered by the squaws and known as a *mesquite*, which is very nutritious. Mr. Hudson thinks it will be almost impossible to punish the White Mountain Apaches if they retire to the mountains and stay there, as they can reach the mountain fastnesses by paths known only to themselves and inaccessible to white men. He further stated that all the bucks believe that if any of them are killed in battle it will only be necessary to bring the bodies to the medicine men, who will, by certain incantations and orgies, raise the bodies from the dead. This belief has gained ground to such an extent that it will make the Indians very reckless for some time to come, until the inability of their medicine men to do what they promise is practically illustrated.

Since Cochise, the great Chief of the Apaches was killed, some years ago, in the Dragon Mountains, sixty miles above Tombstone, the Apaches have behaved pretty well, but the White Mountain Apaches have never been whipped, and they feel very proud of that fact, which makes it all the more difficult to conquer them.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

The Trout Liar.

"There is no place on the Continent that will compare with St. Andrews for trout, nor is there any man who can take them as well as I." "How many did you catch?" asked her little serene highness.

And the Jester stood up in the presence of the court and laid his hand upon his heart and said, with solemn enthusiasm:

"Six. Six large ones. The biggest of the seven will turn the scale at four pounds. Two I took with flies, five with worms, and the big six-pounder I saw down by the big red rock, and I plunged in, run him down and kicked him to death. Then I had two big ones, bigger than any I have here, clear out of the water, and they got away. After I caught about a dozen on the east side of the lake, I went over to the dead tree by our old camp, and the first one I hooked, a fine log as big as a trout. You never saw anything so gamey. Had to let it go. Then, just before we came away, I cast for a big fellow, and I got him. He stood straight up in the water and fought for the belt. He broke my casting-line, got away with the hook, stuck his head out of the water and swore at me, and sassed Gardner, and threw stones at us, and said he could swim away with any man that ever tangled a trout line around a fire tree, and at last swam out to the island, climbed up on a big gray rock and worked the hook out of his jaw, looked at it, snorted at it and held it off at arm's length with his fin, and said if he couldn't gnaw a better fly than that out of a yellow blanket, in the dark, he'd never help another man to an afternoon's sport. Then he called half a dozen younger trout around him and showed them the fly. 'There,' he said, 'I don't know what this is; I reckon those fellows on the bank used it for a fly, but if you ever happen to see anything like this on the water, pull the man at the other end of the line into the lake and drown him.' Saying which he stuck the hook into a log and went below, and I just gathered up my twenty-two trout and came home. That's the kind of a lone fisherman I am."

"There is nothing," Gardner remarked, which commenced jumping all around them, and one two-pound black bass actually jumped into the boat. On the next evening the experiment was renewed, and a hammock fastened to a pole, into which four large bass jumped, one weighing four pounds. Those who witnessed the novel exhibition were greatly excited. Large pickerel and bass leaped fully six feet from the water, and skinned a distance of a rod before disappearing. They came up in all directions, some of them striking violently the bottom and sides of the boat, and some being at a distance of several rods.—*Livingston (N. Y.) Republican*.

Our Young Folks.

CARLO, JANE AND ME.

Whenever papa takes a walk, He always calls us three; He says he couldn't go without Old Carlo, Jane and me.

We laugh and talk, and bark and play, And papa swings his cane; Once he forgot and killed some flowers, That stood up in our lane.

And sometimes Carlo runs and jumps, And Jane stands by a tree— Oh dear! what fun my papa has, With Carlo, Jane and me!

And, just for mischief, Carlo barks At every one we pass; And makes the shadow of his tail Keep wagging on the grass.

When Jane can't walk, I carry her, And Carlo carries me; Then papa always walks beside, And shouts out "Haw!" and "Gee!"

I wish he'd come; poor Jane is tired, With waiting here so long; Carlo don't mind—no more do I, But Jane was never strong.

Carlo is made of curly hair, And I am made of me; But Jane is made of wool and things, As dollies have to be.

Oh, here he is! Now for our walk; He's sure to take us three; For papa couldn't go without Old Carlo, Jane and me.

—St. Nicholas.

MISS POLLY'S CARPET-BAG.

"Dave," said Mrs. Burt, one afternoon when Dave Burt came in from school, "I wish you to go around to Barnes' drug store, and get Miss Polly's carpet-bag that she left there about half an hour ago."

"Miss Polly? The stout country lady with glasses, whose brother's farm-house we stayed at last summer?"

"Yes, Miss Polly Wainwright. She came from the depot in the street cars to Barnes' corner; but there she was perplexed how to get along, having, besides her carpet-bag, her arms full of bundles and packages. Some stranger who left the car at the same time, learning that she had still some distance to walk, advised her to leave her carpet-bag in the drug-store, which was what he proposed doing with his."

Before starting, Dave went out to the dining-room closet to get an apple or two to eat. While thus engaged, he overheard his mother saying in an undertone to Mary, the up-stairs girl, that Miss Polly was commencing to feel rather anxious about her carpet-bag, lest the stranger man might have had some design to purposely exchange it for his own.

"Be sure you get the right bag," said Mrs. Burt. Dave went out. Miss Polly says, here was placed under the right-hand counter, just opposite to where the stranger had his picnic; and to make no mistakes, see Mr. Barnes himself, if possible."

At the drug-store, Dave found one of Mr. Barnes' clerks, who was standing at the back of the store, between the two rows of counters.

"Yes, there were two bags here, Dave," said the clerk; "but the gentleman described by Mr. Barnes as the owner of one of them has been back and taken his away."

"Well, Miss Polly is always just dreadfully excited, and she says here was put under the right-hand counter," continued Dave, going to look behind the counter next to the side of the street.

"There's where the man took his bag from," said the clerk, quickly moving to look under the soda-fountain counter. "But here's a bag under this counter."

"He's got Miss Polly's bag?" exclaimed Dave. "Which way did he go?"

"I didn't notice. However, I remember him saying that he had been up to Mr. Joseph Cooper's, five blocks above here, but it was not the gentleman of that name he was looking for. You had better run up there, Dave, and see if he has been there. But first, are you sure that this isn't Miss Polly's bag?"

"Yes, I'm sure, because it wasn't where she said she had left hers; and hers wasn't new and bright like this one. Last summer her nephew Joe and I took her carpet-bag, without asking leave, to carry things to a picnic, and somehow we got ice cream on one side and blackberry pie on the other."

The stranger had been at Mr. Cooper's, and had been directed to inquire in Porter Street, about a mile away, for the man he was looking for. Returning to the drug store, the clerk advised Dave to wait until the man could have time to discover and remedy his mistake. But Dave was so positive it was worse than a mistake, that when a well-known grocer wagon came along, going down town, he asked for a ride to Porter street, to see if the man had really gone there.

"Then take this bag along with you," said the drug-clerk. "In case you find the man, you can exchange bags with him without further trouble."

Dave's repeated ringing at the bell of the house in Porter street finally caused a woman to look out from an upper window.

"Go away, boy," said she. "We never buy anything from peddlers."

"But I've got a carpet-bag here, that isn't—"

"You needn't tell me how good it is. I don't want a carpet-bag. There!"

And down went the window-shut.

Dave was about to ring the door-bell again, when a sleepy-looking girl came growling to the basement-door. She answered that the stranger with a carpet-bag had called there; but as the gentleman he was looking for had moved, she had sent him to a house six blocks away.

Going to the designated house, Dave set the carpet-bag down on the doorstep with a bang, and pulled the door-bell until he could hear it ring again.

A boy of about Dave's age answered the summons, and he was questioned relating to the strange man with the carpet-bag.

"Did Uncle Seth bring a carpet-bag with him?" the boy called to some one within the house.

"Yes. What is wanted?" said a lady, coming to the door.

Then Dave repeated what he wished to make the change.

"This is rather strange," said the lady, eying Dave closely. "You describe the gentleman who came here with his carpet-bag, though now he is down-town attending to some business, and will not return until seven o'clock

this evening. I'm afraid you will have to come again, when he—"

"Oh, I don't want to see him!" said Dave. "Just give me Miss Polly's bag, and take this one in its place. I'm in a great hurry to get home, and have a long way to go."

"I'm sorry to refuse you, but you will have to come again, when the gentleman is in," said the lady, looking steadily at Dave. "But won't you come in and wait for him? You look very tired."

"No, ma'am. I mustn't wait, and I can't leave this bag unless you give me Miss Polly's."

Dave was beginning to think how his mother would be wondering what had become of him, and Miss Polly would be worrying at a great rate about her bag. He had but two cents more than enough for a single car-fare, which carried him only half-way home; and then, leaving the car, he again trudged along with the heavy bag.

Directly he hailed an empty lumber-wagon, that came trotting by in the direction he wished to go, and the driver nodded, "Yes."

The streets were slippery with mud, and, as Dave was raising the bag to toss in on the lumber-wagon, his right foot slipped on one of the polished car-rails, and down he went on his hands and knees.

The bag falling on one side well-matched both of Dave's mud-plastered knees. The driver, good-naturedly, held in his horses, and a second trial landed the muddled boy and bag on the wagon.

In view of this last misfortune, Dave decided to enter the house by way of the back-gate and kitchen; and thus, while cleaning some of the mud from his clothes, he could privately explain to his mother what had become of Miss Polly's bag.

"Hush! Tell mother I'd like to see her out here a moment," said grinning Dave to the astonished cook, who, with uplifted hands, stood staring at him.

"Mercy, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Burt, when she came. "How and where did you get into such a plight?"

"When Dave had told his story, Mrs. Burt declared she must repeat it to Miss Polly, who had grown quite nervous over the non-arrival of her baggage."

In a moment Miss Polly could be heard coming toward the kitchen, talking excitedly, and she was arranging her bonnet and shawl as she came along.

"There was a brown silk dress I have not worn these five years," Miss Polly could be heard explaining. "Five pairs of new hose, my gold pin, with a coral center, my— Bless the dear child!" (here Miss Polly opened the kitchen-door and caught sight of mud-coated Dave). "Are any of your bones broken, David? Are you sure? The scamp! And they wouldn't give up my bag, eh?"

"No; but there's the other bag."

Dave pointed to the bag, the muddy side of which lay uppermost, drying before the range-fire.

"Mrs. Burt, I wouldn't have such a dirty piece of baggage in my kitchen," said Miss Polly, frowning at the bag. "Allow Bridget to throw it out or set it out in the yard. There's no knowing what's in it—what disease it might bring into the house!"

Bridget was proud of her neat kitchen, and, without waiting for a further hint, she caught up the bag to carry it into the coal-cellar.

But, as she did so, the clean side of the bag was displayed to view.

"Goodness me!" Miss Polly exclaimed, catching at Bridget's arm, "that is my bag!"

Then she sat down in a chair and stared at Dave in a way that made him feel very uncomfortable.

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Burt, "that you have been carrying Miss Polly's bag all over the city, trying to exchange it for one that wasn't hers?"

"But we found it under the left-hand counter," protested Dave—"under the soda-water counter, just where the man left his bag."

"No; just where I left mine," said Miss Polly, firmly; "and the right-hand counter, as I remarked to the oldish gentleman, looking toward the blue-and-red bottles in the front window."

"But this is a new bag," persisted Dave; "and yours had—had stains on it."

"No, David, my child," said Miss Polly. "My old bag did have stains on it, but this is a new one, which your ma would send me to take the place of the old one. And I'm thankful that it's no worse than a little mud on the outside."—*J. B. Marshall, in Golden Days*.

Tolerably Well Off.

During the Vienna exhibition an amiable Hungarian merchant happened to meet in a railway carriage a gentleman with whom he proceeded to hold a pleasant conversation. "I'm going to Vienna," said the merchant. "To see my daughter, who is well married there. My son-in-law deals in paper and fancy leather-work, and has a good trade. He is very prosperous." "I, also," said the good-natured stranger, "am going to see my daughter and son-in-law." "Ah! Is your son-in-law well off?" asked the merchant. "Pretty well; but as he has to carry on his work all alone it is rather tiresome." "Is your daughter rich?" "Not as rich as she'd like to be." "She likes to spend a good deal on her toilette?" "No; but she would like to be able to give a great deal in charity." "She's a good woman," said the merchant, heartily; "it's to be hoped that your son-in-law's business will improve. Good-by, sir, come to see us, and bring your daughter; we shall be happy to make her acquaintance." The train arrived at the moment and the traveler whose son-in-law's business was only "pretty good" was immediately surrounded by grand personages in uniform. After having politely saluted the amazed merchant he stepped into the carriage of the Emperor of Austria. The good father-in-law of the dealer in paper and fancy leather goods had been traveling with the Prince Max, of Bavaria, father of the Empress Elizabeth.

—Three retired plumbers in Philadelphia formed a club last week and bought a basket of peaches.

—General Fitzhugh Lee will marshal 3,000 Virginia militiamen at the Yorktown centennial.

A GRAND STEEPLE CHASE.

As if there were not sufficient excitement at the usual horse-race, these meetings on the turf nearly always close with a grand steeple chase. This kind of race combines all the excitement of the regular race, with the super-added element of danger which seems to give further zest to the sport. Horses, and good ones at that, often receive severe injuries, which render them practically useless for long periods. At least this was the state of affairs until owners and breeders of fine stock began to freely use St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy for man and beast. This invaluable article to horsemen has so grown into favor on account of its phenomenal efficacy in diseases of domestic animals, especially the horse, that it would be difficult indeed to discover a horseman unacquainted with its magical potency. The Philadelphia



Easy Hour, in a recent issue says: "But one of the most important developments concerning St. Jacobs Oil is the discovery that it has properties which are beneficial to the animal as well as to the human species. It has, of late, been in active demand among livery men and others for use on horses suffering from sprains or abrasions. The most prominent instance known of in this connection, is that related by Mr. David Walton, a well-known friend, who keeps a livery stable at 1245 North Twelfth street. Mr. Walton states that he was boarding a valuable horse belonging to Benjamin McClurg, also a resident of North Twelfth street. A few weeks ago the animal slipped and badly sprained his leg, making him very lame. Mr. Walton used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, on the animal and found within less than one week, that there was no need for any more, for the animal was as well as ever."

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and ACUE Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SLEET, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN B. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle, do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

DR. JOHN BULL, Manufacturer and Vendor of SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office, 519 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Infantile Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD! PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

NEW RICH BLOOD, and a combination of the best of the human system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 50 cents per box. I. A. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Plagnot, Mo.



Though shaken in Every Joint And other with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures the system against it, with this beneficent and safe remedy, which is furthermore a superior remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. Liberal Tracts, Mistakes of Money and Appearances. Send stamp for prices to Dr. Dudge, Loughboro, Kas. AGENTS: SOMETHING CO., Yonge & Co. WANTED. NEW. St. Louis, Mo.